

HERE AND THERE.

SERVANTS receive the highest prices in the world in St. Petersburg.

On an average throughout the year one railroad train a minute leaves London.

By some unaccountable mistake at a recent wedding at Williamsport, Pa., the bridesmaid was married instead of the intended bride.

The city of Montgomery, Ala., pays tramps 25 cents a day for working on the streets. The discovery has been made that some who are not tramps were willing to work for that sum.

CAPT. MALCOLM, R. N., lately sent by the British Government to assist Egypt in the suppression of the slave trade in the Red Sea, has been made a Pasha, the fourth English Pasha in the Egyptian service.

The skeleton of a woman, lately sold to satisfy a claim for rent against the estate of a country physician, had inscribed upon it: "Miss Ida Montague, aged 22 years. Died of grief, May 25, 1856. Her death-bed request, 'Honor your sactum with my bones.'"

GOSPEL disturbers have more than their match in the Rev. S. Dunbar of Adair, Ky., who is also Constable. Whenever the services of his sanctuary are interrupted, he closes his Bible, marches down from the pulpit, collars the disturber, and leads him to prison.

The following, says an exchange, is the measurement of over half a million of men as regards height and nativity: The mean height of the American Indian is 67.934 inches; the American white man, 67.672; Scotch, 67.066; English, 66.575; Russian, 66.393; French, 66.277; Mexican, 65.110.

MR. PHILIP C. GAGNETT, an American residing in Antwerp, Belgium, has offered a prize of 1,200 francs for the best essay upon the means of establishing international arbitration in regard to war. His address is care of M. Kohler, 72 Rue Ommegauch, in that city.

The English army has long enjoyed the reputation of being the most expensively dressed in Europe. The most costly uniform is that of a staff sergeant in the Foot Guards, to clothe whom entails upon the country about \$70 per man per annum, and the cheapest man to equip is the negro private of the West India regiments, whose picturesque zouave uniform costs about \$12 per annum.

The Galveston News says that Eulalia Perez, living in Los Angeles, California, is the oldest woman in the world. She is now 140, and still uses her needle, having sent a piece of embroidery to a church fair about two years ago. Her age is well authenticated, as it is on record that when the church of the Mission of St. Gabriel was built in 1771, she was a married woman and the mother of several children.

The medical men of Havre, France, have formed a union for the establishment of a fixed grade of fees. All requests for immediate attendance, or for attendance at a fixed hour, are charged double the amount of visits at the convenience of the physician. Night visits are charged \$2, \$3, or \$4, according to the social grade of the patient. The Havre public are excited on the question, and consider the rates exorbitant.

A PAPER was recently read before the Philosophical Society of Washington City by Colonel Mallory in reference to certain prevalent fallacies concerning the North American Indians. Among the more important of these, Colonel Mallory referred to the idea that the Indian population is dying out and destined ultimately to extinction. He presented an elaborate argument to show that the early estimates in regard to the number belonging to the Indian race in different parts of North America were extremely exaggerated, that two or three hundred thousand souls were credited in regions that could not by any possibility have contained more than ten thousand, and that the later and more accurate enumeration always reduced the figures very materially. He also read ample testimony to prove that, excepting in certain very unusual cases, the population is actually increasing, especially that of the half-breeds, showing that the Indian race unites kindly with all nationalities, and produces a healthy, vigorous offspring.

In the curious old towns of East and West Loos, Cornwall, England, might have been seen a few years ago, cages which, within the memory of the oldest inhabitants, had been used for the purpose for which they were originally intended—the reception of common (fem-

inine) scolds. On the last occasion they were used, Mesdames Whit and Niles, conspicuous for linguistic powers, determined on an appeal to Mr. John Chubb, the Mayor. The former lady arrived first at the seat of judgment, and went, hammer and tongs, at her story; but Mrs. Niles soon appeared on the scene, when the controversy assumed so vituperative a character that the Mayor called for the constables. Each of the ladies then appeared triumphant, for each thought that retribution was at hand for the enemy, whereas, to their dismay, the astute dignitary ordered both to be caged until they had settled their dispute. After a brief incarceration, during which they were objects of much public interest, they emerged mild as milk. Penance also had a cage. The custom seems to have been confined to Cornwall.

Ten Belgian Horticultural states that there are mentioned in the Bible about 50 clearly distinguished plants, and some 50 others in more general terms. The works of Hippocrates mention 234 vegetable species, and those of Theophrastus about 500. Pliny, in his natural history, gives the names of 800 plants. From the Renaissance botany, in common with so much else, took a vigorous start. In the sixteenth century one could find 800 plants in the works of Gesner, 1,400 in those of l'Escluse, 2,731 in Delachamp's "General History of Plants," published in 1587, and 6,000 in a work by Bauhin. Further progress was made in the seventeenth century, and in the eighteenth Linnæus defined 7,294 vegetable species, distributed into 1,239 classes. In the nineteenth century, according to Parson's "Synopsis Plantarum," from 25 to 26,000 vegetable productions were known in 1805. In 1853 Lindley, in his "Vegetable Kingdom," estimated the genera at 8,931, and the species at 92,920.

A CAPUCHIN friar in Turin has constructed a large and complicated work of mechanism by which the passion or sufferings of the Saviour, from His death on the cross, are marvelously represented. On a constantly receding platform the figures appear, and the scenes change. Not only are the movements of the automata lifelike, but the figures and scenery are masterpieces of art. The crowd clamoring for His death is represented by a very numerous group of figures, which are wonderfully distinct in action and appearance. The falling beneath the cross on the way to Calvary is painfully graphic. To render quite audible the lashing of the whips of the soldiers is one of the functions of the machinery. The scenes at the place of execution and the death of the Saviour are said to be beyond praise, and a writer in a Turin paper declares that the extraordinary mechanism has but one imperfection—the capacity of making the figures articulate intelligibly. This imperfection is chiefly evident when the words are exchanged between the Redeemer and the penitent thief. The sounds emitted from the figures are in this instance ludicrous; but the friar hopes to remedy this defect, and his mechanism will, in all likelihood, be an object of wonder at the Paris Exhibition.

A Husband's Cruel Crime.

A Rhode Island lady who was in the habit of taking large quantities of the tincture of iron found great benefit from the medicine, but also incurred large bills at the apothecary's, which her husband found it rather difficult to meet. Instead of brutally cutting off her medicinal supplies, this ingenious and humane man conceived the plan of manufacturing tincture of iron in the secrecy of his own woodshed. He therefore procured a pail, placed in it two pounds of old iron nails, three drams of iron barrel-hoops and four scruples of miscellaneous iron. To this he added one gallon of aqua pura, and stirred the mixture with a pitchfork three times a day for a week. At the end of that time he drew off the water with a siphon, placed it in pint bottles and labeled it "Tinct. Feri. Use as directed." His wife took this home-made tincture without any suspicion that it was not purchased at the apothecary's, and derived all the benefit from it which she had derived from the apothecary's own tincture. Although she had been afflicted for several months with extreme weakness, her strength revived under the influence of the tincture to such an extent that at the end of three weeks, when she accidentally caught her husband in the act of filling her bottle from the pail in the woodshed, she was able to lift a heavy pitchfork, and, after wielding it with great vigor for ten minutes, to assist the hired man in dragging her husband into the house, where she subsequently applied arnica and brown paper to nearly two-thirds of his entire surface.

A FRONTIER INCIDENT.

A gentleman, who had been traveling for some weeks, found himself one winter morning within 50 miles of home. It was beautiful winter weather, frosty nights and sunny days, and the prairie roads were as smooth and hard as a pavement. His plan was to reach home that night. It was a long stretch for one day's travel; but with a good horse he was sure he could make it. He was the more anxious to get home because the fine weather of the last three weeks could not be expected to continue much longer, and travel on the prairie in a winter storm is neither pleasant nor safe. In the woods and among the mountains one is sheltered by trees and hills; but on the prairie the wind sweeps without obstruction for hundreds of miles; and a "northwester" is a terrible thing to be exposed to. There is no hiding from it and no escaping it. It seems to search all around a man, taking the heat from him and penetrating cloaks and blankets and wraps as if they were paper. We frequently read of people being frozen to death in these prairie storms. This is not because the cold is so intense, but because the exposure is so great.

For this reason our friend was especially anxious to reach his home that day, as there were signs of a change and it might be his last fine day. The chief ground of anxiety was that an "Indian reservation" lay between him and his home, of about 30 miles' extent. On this there was neither house nor shelter. He rode moderately the first part of the day, so as not to weary his horse at the outset; and at noon he took a good long rest and gave his horse a good dinner from a small sack strapped on behind his saddle. He was now within the reservation. There was neither field nor fence nor human habitation. A deserted cornfield now and then, an abandoned hut, or a half-hidden Indian trail and the half-blind road on which he traveled were all that gave sign that human feet had ever trod those solitudes before. Nearly 30 miles of just such country lay between him and the settlement. The day was unseasonably warm, not a cloud in the sky and scarcely a breath of air in motion. The unnatural warmth and almost oppressive stillness of the day were themselves symptoms of a coming storm.

After his horse was thoroughly refreshed, he put on the saddle and mounted for his long ride. He rode on rapidly for a couple of hours, when he noticed that the wind was rising and blowing from the north. It was soon so chilly that he had to put on his overcoat; and it was not long before he was compelled to unstrap his blankets and wrap them about him. Still it grew colder. The sky was soon overcast with clouds, a few flakes of snow began to fall. The wind grew fiercer and fiercer, and the snow and sleet struck like shot as it struck the face. Coats and shawls and wrappings seemed like loose sheets about a man. The snow grew more and more dense, and was fast filling up the trails and tracks and making all the prairie look alike. Our friend pressed on as fast as his horse could go. It was impossible to distinguish the road, and the only guide was the direction of the wind. The poor horse was becoming bewildered, and could make but slow progress through the snow and tall prairie grass. The snow was drifting so that every thing was filled up level; and every now and then they would plunge into some hole or gully, and horse and rider were almost buried. It was growing dusk, the thick clouds and the drifting snow bringing on night even before its time. It seemed madness to attempt to get through. It could not be less than ten miles to the nearest house, and there were ten chances to one that he would miss the way. To stay out on the prairie was to freeze to death. Ascending one of the prairie swells, he saw, some two miles to the right, a strip of wood, which skirted a stream. To reach this and trust to its shelter seemed to be the only hope. But even this was no easy matter. From the high ground where he was he could but just see the tops of the trees; and when he descended he would lose sight of it all, and see it no more till he reached it. There was not the sign of a path and the darkness was growing thicker all the time, and the snow and wind were almost blinding. But, getting the direction as well as he could, he started across the prairie. Fortunately, he came out as he planned, on the edge of a little strip of timber, which somewhat broke the violence of the storm. Still more fortunately, he found an abandoned log hut. It was not much of a shelter. There were neither doors nor windows, and it was all open between the logs. The wind and snow blew through almost as freely as outside. But there was a sort of a roof, and the open logs somewhat broke the

force of the wind. There was also a stone fire-place at one end, and if a fire could only be secured the night might be passed very safely. But without a fire it was a perilous situation.

Feeling in the darkness among his baggage, he found one single match. But what could he light with it? Every thing was buried in snow and the wind was blowing wildly all the time. First he went into the timber and gathered a quantity of wood—limbs and dry sticks. Then he went again and felt around with his feet under the snow till he found a pile of leaves. Burrowing to the bottom of the drift, he took out an armful that were dry. Putting these into the fireplace and piling the dry sticks and the large wood above them, he was now ready for his light. Now came the crisis. All depended on that one match. That was all that stood between him and death. If that failed, the chance of his ever seeing home again was very small. The wind was blowing a gale, and the snow drifting through every crevice, in such a way as to give but a small chance to a poor little match. But it was all he had, and when every thing was ready he prepared to make the venture. Taking his blanket, he threw it over his shoulders and let it fall so as to form a shelter; then taking out his only match, he waited for a lull in the tempest. The winds seemed to know that their hour had come, and they never screamed so loudly or blew so wildly. As the man knelt by the fireplace, it seemed as if the powers of the sky were let loose and were bent on blowing out his only match. But there came a moment's hush at last, and he struck the light. A gust of wind came near making an end of it; but he wrapped the folds of his blanket around so as to save it. It burned blue a moment, then clear white, and then in another moment the leaves were blazing in the fireplace and the crisis was passed. When the man arose, he found himself trembling from head to foot, the perspiration was standing on his brow, and he was so weak he could scarcely stand.

His horse was in the cabin with him, and enjoyed the warmth as well as himself. He had no corn for him, and only a few crackers for his own supper. Saving some of these for morning, he divided the rest between himself and the horse, giving the horse by far the larger share. For some time they stood side by side, eating crackers and seeming to be the best of friends. After supper the gentleman gathered wood for the night and prepared to make himself as comfortable as possible. It grew less cold as the night wore on, and after a time he ventured to sleep. When he awoke it was daylight. The fire had burned down; but it was still warm and was easily replenished. The snow had drifted till it nearly covered the cabin, and it was this that had made it so comfortable the latter part of the night. The storm outside was as wild and furious as ever, with no sign of abatement. It would be pleasantest to remain there till the wind, at least, subsided. But this might not be for 24 hours, and, with nothing for his horse to eat, he did not dare to risk the delay. At breakfast he divided his crackers again with his horse, giving him the most of them, as he had the most of the work to do. After their scanty breakfast they pushed out from their comfortable quarters into the storm. It was colder and fiercer than ever. The snowing had ceased; but the air was full of flying snow and great drifts beset the way. By daylight he recognized the place, and so found his direction. The horse seemed to understand the necessities of the hour, and rushed forward will all his might, plunging through snowdrifts and pulling through the high grass and weeds and making fair headway. In about two hours they came in sight of home, and a short time after the gentleman, nearly frozen, was by his own fireside, and the horse was eating oats in his own stable. The former never forgot that night in the storm, and he never struck a light without thinking how much might depend on a "single match."—New York Independent.

DR. ISCHAMER, of Graz, has discovered that the little black specks which are often found on the skins of oranges and apples are clusters of fungi, precisely similar to those to which whooping-cough is attributed. He scraped some of the black specks off an orange, and introduced them into his lungs by a strong inspiration. The next day he had a violent tickling in the throat, and before the end of the week his little experiment had developed into an acute attack of whooping-cough.

"A YOUNG lady," known to be an habitual swearer, was recently sent to jail for 21 days in Listowel, Ont., for using profane language on the streets.

SENATOR JONES ON SILVER.

Extracts from the Recent Speech of the Senator from Nevada.

Mr. Jones spoke at great length, most of his speech being devoted to argument showing that silver had not depreciated in value since its demonetization, and against assertions that the dollar proposed by the bill is a dishonoring medium of payment and a depreciated coin. He said that silver since 1873, although discriminated against and shorn of its monetary functions, denied mintage throughout the entire Western world and degraded to the rank of a commodity, instead of having become less valuable has nevertheless increased in its command over services and all kinds of property; that both gold and silver have

GAINED IN PURCHASING POWER, and that silver only seems to have failed in value because it has not risen to so great an extent as gold. In the face of the patent and accumulated facts, it is still claimed that silver has depreciated to such a degree that it would be dishonest to pay debts in it even if it would legally discharge them. An eminent jurist once said of a certain legal proposition, that he could not conceive of a human mind so constituted as to entertain it. I am equally incompetent to conceive of a human mind so constituted as not to see that silver has appreciated rather than fallen in value, and that gold has been so enormously enhanced in value that to gratify a mere request for debts to be paid in it is either the most gigantic folly or the most gigantic fraud of all the ages.

MR. JONES DENOUNCED AS FALSE the charges that he had individual interests to be subserved by remonetizing silver, and in conclusion said: "Leaving personal and local considerations aside, I will conclude with brief references to the frantic appeals that come to us from certain quarters to rally to the rescue of the ancient honor of the Republic which is declared is now held out by less than a dozen States in the Union. It is said that this Nation will lose the high position which it has maintained for a hundred years in the family of Nations if the pending bill should pass. It is said that the discussion of a measure to restore to the country power to perform its contracts in the terms which they are written has to no inconsiderable extent disparaged us in the eyes of the world. Whence come the really dangerous assaults upon the good name of the Nation? Is it not from certain members of Congress who denounce this as a 'pious pocket book,' and as a scheme to issue clipped coins, forgetting that clippings were

STOLEN FROM THE POCKETS OF THE PEOPLE and are now found in the pockets of their creditors? And is it not from the leading metropolitan and Eastern press, which denounces supporters of the bill as swindlers and repudiators, and declares itself to have the honor of the Nation in its pocket? By what title does any faction entitle itself to being par excellence the guardians of the honor of the country? Sir! the honor can repose nowhere so securely as in the keeping and hearts of the people. There is its shrine, and there alone can it find protection. In what manner and by what methods, has the New York and Eastern press sustained the honor of the Nation of which it proclaims itself the special guardian? Only by libels upon the character and personal motives of every public man who can not see the justice of making the Government and people by enhancing the value of money in which debts are to be paid, by open and shameless appeals to the President to make corrupt use of his patronage to

INFLUENCE VOTES IN CONGRESS against the Silver bill, by pretending as false as it is humiliating that Congress has resisted the desires of organized capital." He then quoted from the New York Tribune of January 7 as follows: "The President knows that men can be held true to Republican principles as to finance, if they know their truth will mean favor as to appointments."

Three days afterwards the same paper said: "The capital of the country is organized at last, and we shall see whether Congress dare to fly in its face." These newspapers claim to be read largely in Europe. What impression of our people and our public men is likely to prevail in Europe, which sees these American newspapers, in which the majority in Congress is daily denounced as made up of swindlers, repudiators or heretics, and in which it is daily represented that Congress can be corrupted by the President's patronage and intimidated by threats of organized capital? What better than a roaring farce is it for editors engaged in this

WORK OF DEFACTION to assume to be the peculiar champions of the honor of the Nation! The attempt to persuade the President to use his patronage as a corrupting agency seeming to have failed, and Congress by votes at various times and in decisive numbers having exhibited a determination to "fly in the face of organized capital of the country," the latest movement has been to defame those who could neither be purchased nor intimidated. No longer invoking the President to buy Senators, these gold organs charge that Senators have sought to sell their votes, and we are again, in lengthy homilies upon the decaying morality of this body. The same men who day after day have declared that it was the most urgent duty of the Chief Magistrate to trade patronage for votes in favor of what is called "honorable money," now shed tears over it.

STORY OF THEIR OWN INVENTION that members of this body have been waiting, watching, hoping and asking to be bribed. The New York Times of the 12th inst., editorially says: "The United States Senate has sunk so far below the standard with which it was formerly associated that propositions which we yesterday gave as in circulation at Washington excite little or no surprise. There are Senators who have so little intelligence and pride that they do not know their own position in regard to the Silver question or so little conscience that they are ready to vote for or against the pending bill. They imagine that it is popular. Provided they receive a quid pro quo, however, they are willing to run the risk of unpopularity. They are ready, in short, to sell their votes to the President and aid in defeating the bill, if he will only pay their price. It is hinted that, by adopting this bribery plan, the President may not only defeat the bill, but also re-establish amicable relations between his Administration and the Senators who are at present inimical. The explanation does but add to the disgrace of those who offer it."

It was John who said to Amasa, "Art thou in health, my brother?" and "So he smote him in the fifth rib." The journals from which I have quoted seem to have been equally solicitous concerning the National honor, and while tenderly inquiring as to its health deal deadly stabs like these. In this country National honor had never been furnished by those who proposed to

RESTORE THE ANCIENT MONEY in which every National bond is promised to be paid. If it is in danger of being tarnished it is from the charge of the opposing faction that a majority of the citizens of a majority of the States of this Union are innately dishonest. Let the gold press of this country not forget that while power usually begets intolerance it always begets resistance.

COOKIES.—1 cup butter, 2 cups powdered sugar, 2 teaspoons cream-tartar, 1 of soda; rub the butter, sugar, and cream-tartar into 3 cups flour; have the soda dissolved in 1 cup cold water; mix, adding sufficient flour in addition to roll out. Add caraway-seed if desired; roll thin and bake a handsome brown.

THE Russian nobility are numerous, and, as a class, by no means rich. Previous to emancipation, about 20 years ago, a land-proprietor was not thought wealthy unless he possessed at least 500 serfs. But only 3,803 proprietors had more than that number, while 41,600 had less than 21.